



VENVS
AND ADONIS.

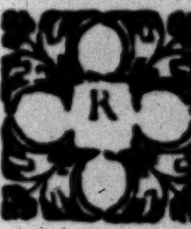
*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*



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TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE HEN-
RY WRIOTHESLIE, EARLE
of Southampton, and Baron of
Titchfield.

 Right Honourable, I know not howe I
shall offend in dedicating my unpe-
lished lines to your Lordship, nor howe
the worlde will censure me for choo-
sing so stronge a prop to support so
weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme
but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised,
& vow to take aduantage of all idle houres, til I
haue honored you with some grauer labor. But
if the first beire of my inuētiō proue deformed,
I shall be sorie it had so noble a godfather, and
Ay. neuer

The Epistle.

neuer after care so barren a land, for feare it
yeelde mee still so bad a harvest, I leaue it to
your Honourable Iurney, and your Honour to
your hearts content, which I wish may alwaies
answere your own wish and the worlds hopefull
expectation.

Your Honors in all duty,

William Shakespeare.

VE-





VENUS AND ADONIS

EVEN as the sunne with purple-coloured face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping myne,
Rose cheekt Adonis hied him to the chace,
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne,
Sick-thoughted Venus makes a maine ynke him,
And like a bold fac't suter gins to woo him.

Thrise fairer then my selfe, (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweete aboue company
Staine to all Nymphs, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then doves, or roses are:
Nature that made thee with her selfe, as strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steede,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bow:
If thou wilt daine this fauor, for thy meede
A thousand hony secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent bisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

A iii.

And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd facietie,
But rather famish them amid their plentie,
Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie.

A summers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguilding sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her passion calls it balme,
Earths soueraigne saluc, to do a goddesse good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse.

Over one arme the lustie coursers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht and powted in a dull disdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy:
She red and hot, as coles of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimble she fastens, (O how quicke is loue!)
The steed is stalled vp, and euen now
To tie the rider she begins to proue:
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And governd him in strength, though not in lust.
So

VENUS AND ADONIS.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips,
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he trown
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kilsing speaks, with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burnes with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes
Then with her windy sighs, and golden heares,
To fan and blow them drie againe she seekes.
He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more, she murthers with a kisse.

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feather, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in hast,
Til either gorge be stuft, or prey be gone:
Euen so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forst to content, but neuer to obay,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;
Shce feedeth on the steame, as on a pray,
And cals it heavenly moysture, aire of grace,
Wishing her cheekes were gardens ful of flowres,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showres.

A iiii,

Looke

VENUS AND ADONIS

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes Adonis lyes,
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beawtie in his angric eyes:
Raine added to a rage that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouer flow the banke.

Still the intreats, and profitly entreats,
For to a pretie care she rages her selfe,
Still is he sullen, still she lowes and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger alhie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is bettered with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she swears,
From his soft bosome neuer to remoue,
Till he takes truce with her contending teares,
Which long haue rained, making her cheeks all wet,
And one sweet kisse shal pay this comples debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a diuedapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quicklie in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue,
But when her lips were readie for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Neuer

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did passenger in summers heat
More thirtt for drinke, then she for this good turne:
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:
Oh pitie gan she crie, flint-harted boy,
Tis but a kisse I beg, why art thou coy?

I haue beene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the sterne and direfull God of war,
Whose sinnowie necke in battel nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euerie iar:
Yet hath he beene my captiue and my slave,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my Altars hath he hung his launce,
His battred shield, his vncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learnd to sport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest,
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouerswaied,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine,
Strong tempered steele his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdain.
Oh be not proude, nor brag not of thy might,
For maistring her that soild the God of fight.

Touch

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine,
What see'st thou in the ground hold vp thy head:
 Looke in mine cie-bals where thy beaury lies,
 Then why not lips on lips, since eies in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night,
Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twain:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in fight.

 These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
 Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

the tender spring vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe, yet maist thou well be tasted,
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted:
 Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard faunured, foule, or wrinckled old,
Ill nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voyce,
Oreborne, despised, reumatique and cold,
Thick sighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce,
 Thé mightst y pause, for then I were not for thee,
 But hauing no defect, why dost abhor mee?

Thou

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright, & quick in turning,
My beautie as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plumb, my marrow burning,
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palme dissolue or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine care,
Or like a fairy, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a nimph, with long disheueled heare
Dance on the sandes, and yet no footing scene:
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this Primrose banke whereon I lie, (me:
These forcelesse floures like sturdy trees support
Two strengthles doves will draw me through y^e sky
From morn til night, euen where I list to sport me:
Is loue so light sweete boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst thinke it heauy vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand seize loue vpon thy left?
Then wooe thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected:
Steale thine own freedome, & complain of theft.
Narcissus so himselfe, himselfe forsooke,
And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.
Torches

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Torches are made to light, iewel to weare,
Dainties to tast, fresh beautie for the vse,
Herbs for their smel, and sappy plants to beare,
Things growing to themselves are growths abuse,
Seeds spring from seeds, & beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earths increase why shouldst thou feed,
Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be fed:
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thing may liue, when thou thy selfe art dead:
And so in spight of death thou dost suruiue,
In that thy likehesse still is left aliue.

By this the loue sicke Queene began to sweate,
For where they lay the shadow had forsooke them,
And Tysan tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
Wishing *Adonis* had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by *Venus* side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie sprite,
And with a heauy, darke, disliking eie,
His lowring browes orewhelming his faire sight,
Like mistie vapours when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheekes, cries he, no more of loue,
The sun doth burne my face, I must remoue.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Ay me (quoth Venus) yong. and so unkind.
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gon?
He sigh celestiall breath, whose gentle wind,
Shall coole the heart of this descending sun:
He make a shadow for thee, of my heares,
If they burne too, He quench the with my teares.

The sun that shines from heauen, shines but warme,
And loe, I lie betweene that sunne and thee:
The heare I have from thence doth little harme,
Thine eye darts scorch the fire that burneth mee,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heavenly and earthly sunne.

Art thou obdurate, flintie, hard as Steele?
Nay more, then flint, for stone at raine relenteth:
Art thou a womans sonne, and canst not teale,
What is so long, how wane of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

What am I that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwells vpon my fate?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kisser?
Speak faire, but speake faire words, or els be mute:
Giue me one kisse, ile giue it thee againe,
And one for interest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Fie, lineles picture, cold and sencelesse stone,
Well painted idol, image, dul and dead,
Statue contemning but the eie alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bread:

Thou art no man, though of a mans complexiō,
For men will kisse euen by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause,
Red cheeks and fire eies blase forth her wrong,
Being iudge in loue, she cannot right her cause.

And now she weeps, & now she fain wold speak.
And now her sobs do her intendments breake.

Sometimes she shakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes bee bound,
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I haue hemd thee heere
Within the circuite of this iuory pale,
Ile be the parke, and thou shalt be my deere,
Feede where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hilles be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Within this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweet bottom graze, and high delightful plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from raine,
Then be my deare, since I am such a parke,
No dog shall rouse thee, thogh a thousand bark.

At this *Adonis* smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a prettie dimple,
Loue made those hollowes, if himselfe were slain,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple?
Foreknowing well if there hee came to lie,
Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

These louely caues, these round enchanting pits,
Opend their mouthes to swallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Strukt dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poore Queen of loue, in thine owne law forlorn,
To loue a cheek that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shal we say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing.
The time is spent, her obiekt will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releasing?
Pittie she cries, some fauour, some remorse,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding lennet, lustie, yong and proud,
A dainty trampling courser doth espie:
And forth she rushes, inorts, and neighs alowd.
The strong-neckt steede being tied vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, & to her straight goes hee.

Inaperiously he seapes, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girts he breakes alunder.
The bearing earth with his hard boote he wounds,
Whose hollow wob resounds like heauens thuder:
The iron bit he crusheth tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane,
Vpon his compass crest now stand on end,
His nostrills drinke the aire, and forth againe
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send:
His eie which scornefully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiesty, and modest pride,
Anon he reares vp right, curuers, and leapes,
As who should say, so thus my strength is tride.
And thus I do to captiuare the eie,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What recketh he his riders angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his stand I say,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his loue, and nothing else hee sees,
For nothing else with his proud fight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well proportioned fledge,
His Arte with Natures workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace and bone.

Round hooft, short jointed, fetlocks shag & long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and no strill wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, & passing strong:
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide,
Looke what a horse should haue, he did not lack,
Saw a proude rider on so proude a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there hee stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a bafe he now prepares,
And where he run or flie, they know not whether:
For though his mane & taile, the high wind, sings,
Fanning the haire, who want like fethred wings,

B

He

VENUS AND ADONIS.

He looks vppon hisdome, and neighs vnto her,
She answeres him as if she knew his mind,
Being proude, as females are, to see him wooe her;
She puts on outward strangenes, seemes vnkind:
Spurns at his love, & scornes the heat of feeles,
Bearing his kind embracements with hir heeles

Then like a melancholy male content,
He vailes his taile, that like a falling plume,
Cooke shadow to his melting buttocks lent,
He stamper and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his furie was aswag'd.

His testie maister goeth about to take him,
When lo, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there;
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie the,
Out stripping crows, that strue to ouer flie them.

All swolne with chafing, downe Adonis sits,
Banning his boystrous and vnruely beast;
And now the happie season once more fits,
That loue-sicke Lvs, by pleading may be blest;
For louers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is bard the aidance of the roong.

3H

3

An

VENUS AND ADONIS.

An Ouen that is stopt, or riuer staide,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage,
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free ven of words loues fire doth aswage,
But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
The client breakes, as desperate in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow;
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed mind:
Taking no notich that she is so neere,
For all askance he holds her in his eie.

O what a sight it was wistly to view?
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To Note the fighting conflict of her hew;
How white and red each other did destroy;
But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by,
It flasheth forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was she iust before him as he sat,
And like a slowly louer downe she kneeles,
With one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feelles:
His tender cheeks reuiues her soft hands print,
As apt as new falne snow, takes any dint.

B.ii.

Oh

VENVS AND ADONIS

Oh what a war of looks was then between them,
Her eies petitioners to his eies suing,
His eies saw her eies, as they had not scene them,
Her eies wooed still, his eies disdained y^e wooing:
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
With teares which ~~show~~-like her eies did raine.

Ful gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lillie prissond in a gaile of snow,
Or luory in an alablatter band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a foe.
This beaunious combat wilfull, and willing,
Shew'd like to siluer doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O fairest moouer on this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My hart all whole as thine, thy hart my wound.
For one sweet looke thy help I wold assure thee,
Thogh nothing but my bodie haue wold cure thee

Giue me my hand (saith he) why dost thou feele it;
Giue me my hart (saith she) and thou shalt haue it;
O giue it me, least thy hard hart do Steele it,
And being steeld, soft sighs can neuer graue it
Then lous deepe grmanes I neuer shall regard,
Becaufe *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, let go, and let me goe,
My daies delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault, I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leaue me heere alone,
For all my minde, my thought, my busie care;
Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy palfrey as he should,
Welcoms the warme approach of sweet desire,
Affection is a cole that must be cold,
Else sufferd it vvill set the heart on fire;
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no maruel though thy horse be gone.

How like a iade hee stood tide to the tree,
Seruily maistred with a letherne raine,
But when he saw his loue, his youths faire fee,
He held such pettie bondage in disdaine:
Throwing the base thong fro his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his breast.

VVho seeks his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheetes a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eie so full hath fed,
His other agents ayme at like delight?
VVho is so faint that dares not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold:

B iii.

Let

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented ioy, (thee,
Though I were dumbe; yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue; the lesso n is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
vnlesse it be a boare, and then I chase it,
Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it,
My loue to loue, is loue but to disgrace it:
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughs and weeps, & al but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht?
Who plucks the budde before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be any not diminisht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth:
The colt that's backe and burthend being yong,
Looseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this boorelesse chat,
Remooue your siege from my vnyeelding heart,
To loues alarum it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your fained tears, your flattery,
For where a heart is hard they make no battry.

What

VENUS AND ADONIS.

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a tongue,
 O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing,
 Thy mermaids voyce hath done me double wrong:
 I had my load before, now prest with bearing,
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
 Earths deepe sweet musicke, and hearts deep sore
 (wounding.

Had I no eies but eares, my eares would loue, and I
 That inward beautie and invisible,
 Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue
 Each part in me, that were but sensible,
 Though neither eies, nor eares, to heare nor see,
 Yet should I be in loue by touching thee.

Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
 And nothing but the verie smell were left me,
 Yet would my loue to thee be still as much,
 For from the stillorie of thy face excelling,
 Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth loue by
 (smelling,

But oh what banquet wert thou to the tast,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other sence,
 Would they not wish the feast should euen last,
 And bid suspicion double locke the doore,
 Least iealousie that soure vnwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in, disturbe the feast.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Once more the ruby-coloured portall opend,
Which to his speech did hony passage yeeld,
Like a red morne that ever yet berokend
Wracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field:
Sorrow to the shepheards, woe vnto the birdes,
Gusts & foule flakcs to heardmen & to heards.

This ill preface aduisedly she marketh,
Euen as the wind is hush before it raineth,
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the bertie breaks before it straineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning strucke her ere his words begunne

And as his looke she flatly falledowne,
For lookes kille loue, and loue by lookes reuineth:
A smile requies the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrupt that by loue sothrineth:
The silly boy belouing she is dead,
Close her pale cheekes, til clapping makes it red.

And all in a mize brake off his late intent,
For sharpely he did thinke to reprehend her,
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faire-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse she lies as she were flaine,
Til his breath breatheth life in her again.

He

VENUS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand waies he seekes,
To mend the hurt that his vntindnes mard:
He kisses her, and she by her good will,
Will neuer rise, so he will kilse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
Her two blew windowes faintly she vphcaneeth,
Like the faire sunne when in his fresh aray,
He cheeres the morne, & all the world releeueth.
And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie,
So is her face illumind with her cie.

Whose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,
As if from thence they borrowed all their shine,
Were neuer foure such lamps togither mixt,
Had not his clouded, with his browes repine.
But hirs, which through $\frac{1}{2}$ cristall tears gaue light,
Shone like the Moone in water scene by night.

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heauen,
Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
What houre is this, or morne, or weary euen?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
But now I di'd, and death was lively ioy.

○

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Q thou didst kill me, kill me once againe,
The eies shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, & such disdain,
That they haue murdered this poore heart of mine,
And these mine eies true leaders to their queen,
But for thy pittious lips no more had scene.

Long may they kisse each other for this cure,
Oh neither let their crimson liueries weare,
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous year,
That the stars gazers hauing writ on death,
May lay the plague is banisht by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweete seales, in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make still to be sealing?
To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buie, and paie, and vse good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make for feare of slips,
Set thy seale manuell on my waxe-red lips.

A thousand kisses buies my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leysure one by one,
What is tenthundred touches vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non paimēt, that the debt should double,
Is twentie thousand kisses such a trouble?

Faire

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
Measure my strangenellie with my vnripe yeares,
Before I knowe my selfe, seeke not to know mee,
No fisher but the vngrowne tris forbears,
The mellow plum doth tal, the greene sticks fast,
Or being early pluckt, is lowre to tast.

Looke, the worlds comforter with weary gate,
His daies hot taske hath ended in the West,
The owle (nights herald) shriekes, tis verie late,
The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
The cole-black clouds that shadow heauens light,
Do summon vs to part and bid Good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you,
If you will say so, you shal haue a kisse.
Good night (quoth she) and ere he saies adue,
The hony see of parting tendered is;
Her armes do lend his necke a sweete embrace,
Incorporate that they seeme, face to face.

Till breathlesse he d'sioynd, & backward drew,
The heavenly moysture that sweete coral mouth,
Whose precious taste, her thirstie lips wel knew,
Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on drough,
He with her plentie prest, she faine with death,
Their lippes together glew'd, fast to the earth.

Now

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Now quicke desire hath caught his yeelding pray,
And glutton like shee feedes, yet neuer filleth,
Her lippes are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ransome the insu'ter willeth:
Whose vultur thought doth pitch y^e price so hie,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure drie.

And hauing felt the sweetenes of the spoyle,
With blindfolde furie she begins to forrage,
Her face doth reek & smoke, her blood doth boile,
And carelesse lust stirres vp a desperate courage:
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, and honors wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird, being tam'd with so much handling
Or as the fleet foot Roe that's ty'd with chafing,
Or like the froward infant staid with dandling,
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolues with rempring,
And yeelds at last to euery light impression?
Things out of hope, are compast oft with ventring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale fa'ct coward,
But then woos best, wheⁿ most his chouse is froward.
When

VENVS AND ADONIS:

When he did frown, & had she then gaue ouer,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt,
Foule words and frownes must not repel a louer,
What though the rose haue prickles, yet tis pluckt:
Were beantie vnder twentie locks kept fast,
Yet loue breaks through, & picks them al at last.

For pittie now, she can no more detaine him,
The Poore toole praies her that he may depart,
She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
Bids him farewell, and looke well to her heart,
The which by *Cupid*s bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

Sweet boy she saies, this night ile waite in sorrow,
For my sicke heart commands mine eies to watch,
Tel me loues maister, shall wee meete to morrow?
Say, shall we, shall we, wilt thou make the match?
He tels her no, to morrow he intendes,
To hunt the boare with certaine of his friendes

The boare (quoth she) whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose,
Vsurps her cheekes, she trembles at his tale,
And on his necke her yoking armes she throwes,
She sinketh downe still hanging on his necke,
He on her belly fallies, she on her backe,

Now

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now is she in the very lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth proue,
He will not manage he, although he mount her,
That worle then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elizium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eie, and pine the maw,
Euen so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poore birdes, that helpelesse berries saw,
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be,
She hath asai'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
Shee's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd,
Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me go,
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gone (quoth she) sweet boy ere this
But that thou toldst me, thou woldst hunt y boare,
O be aduisde, thou knowst not what it is,
With iauelins point, a churlish swine to goare,
Whose tuskes neuer sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

On

VENUS AND ADONIS!

On his bow backe, he hath a battell set,
Of bristly pikes, that euer threat his foes,
His eies like glow-worms shine whē he doth fret,
His snout digs sepulchers where ere he goes,
Being mou'd, he strikes, what ere is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his crooked rushes slay.

His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed,
Are better prooffe then thy speares point cā enter,
His short thicke necke cannot be easly harmed,
Being irefull, on the Lion he will venter,
The thornie brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearefull of him, part, through whō he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteemes that face of thine,
To which loue eies paies tributarie gazes,
Nor thie soft hands, sweete lips, and christal cine,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes,
But hauing thee at vantage (wonderous dread!)
Would root these beauries, as he roots y mead.

O let him keepe his lothsome cabbin still,
Beautie hath naught to do with such foule fiends,
Come not within his danger by thy will,
They that thrise wel, take counsel of the ir friends,
Whē thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble,
I feard thy fortune, and my ioints did tremble.

Didst

VENVS AND ADO NIS.

Didst thou not marke my face: was it not white?
Sawest thou not signes of feare lurke in mine eies
Grew I not faint: and fell I not downe right:
Within my bosome, whereon thou dost lie:
My boding heart, pants, beates, & takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my brest

For where loue raignes, disturbing ieaousie,
Doth call himselte affections centinell,
Giues false alarms, suggesteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth crie, kill, kil.
Distempering gentle loue with his desire,
As aire and water doth abate the fire.

This soure informer, this bare-breeding spie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious ieaousie,
That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I chy death should feare.

And more then so, presenteth to mine eie,
The picture of an angry chafing boare,
Vnder whose sharpe fangs, on his back doth lie,
An image like thy selfe, all staine with gore,
Whose bloud vpon the fresh flowres being shed,
Doth make the droop with grief, & hāg the hed
What

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What should I doe, seeing thee so indeede,
That trembling at th' imagination:
The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleede;
And feare doth teach it diuination;
I prophetic thy death, my liuing sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me,
Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
Or at the Foxe which liues by subtiltie,
Or at the Roe, which no incounter date,
Pursue these fearfull creatures o're the downes,
And on thy wel breathd horse keepe with thy

(hounds,
And when thou hast on foot the purblind Hare,
Make the Poore wretch to overshut his troubles,
How he out-runs the winde, and with what care,
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles,
The many musets through the which he goet,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among the flock of sheepe,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-deluing conies keepe,
To stop the loude pursuers in their yell,
And sometime forreth with a heard of deares
Danger deuileth shifts, wit waites on feare.

C

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent snuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, til they haue singled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then do they spend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this poore Wat far off vppon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listning care,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still,
Anon with loude alarums he doth heare,
And now his griefe may be compared well,
To one sore sick, that heares the passing bell.

Then shak thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch,
Turne and reurne, intending with the way,
Each enuious brier his wearie legges doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay,
For miserie is troden on by many,
And being low, neuer relecu'd by any.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the bore,
Vnlike thy selfe thou hearst me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so,
For loue can comment vpon euerie wo.

Where

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Where did I leaue no matter where (quoth hee)
Leaue mee, and then the storie aptly endes,
The night is spent, why what of that (quoth shee)
I am (quoth hee) expected of my friends,
And now tis darke, and going I shall fall,
In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kisse:
Rich preyes make rich men the cues; so do thy lips
Make modest *Dyan* cloudy and forlorne,
Least she should steale a kisse & die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her siluer shine,
Till forging *Nature* he condemnde of treason,
For stealing moulds frō heauen that were diuine,
Wherin she fram'd thee in his heauens despight,
To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
To crosse the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature,
Making it subiect to the tyranny
Of mad mischances, and much miserie.

C ii.

As'

VENYS AND ADONIS.

As burning feauers,agues,pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence,and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknes,whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the bloud:
Surfers,impostumes,griefe & damnd despaire,
Sweare natures death for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes sight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauor,fauor,hew,and qualities,
Whereat th'imperiall gazer late did wonder:
Are on the sudden wasted,thawd and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore despight of fruitelesse chasticie,
Loue-lacking vestals,and selte louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breede a scarcitie,
And barren death of daughters and of sonnes,
Be prodigall,the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oile,to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing graue,
Seeming to burie that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie?
If so,the world will hold thee in disdain.
Sith in thy pride,so faire a hope is flaine.

So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
A mischief worke then ciuill home-bred grieffe,
Or theirs whose desperate hands theselues to slay
Or butchers fire, that reaues his sonne of life:
Foule cankring rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to vse more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth *Adon*) you will fall againe
Into your idle ouer-haile I theame,
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in valne,
And all in vaine you striue against the streame,
For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nourse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse & worse.

If loue haue lent you twentie thousand tongues,
And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton mirmaides songs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart standes armed in mine eare,
And will not let a false sound enter there.

Least the deceiuing harmony should run,
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite vndoone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest:

No Lady no, my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleepes alone.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reprocue?
The path is smoothe that leadeth vnto danger,
I hate not loue, but your deuise in loue,
That lends embracements vnto euerie stranger,
You do it for increase, & strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

Cal it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpe his name,
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Vpon fresh beautie, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, & soone bereaues
As catterpillers doe the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like sunshine after raine,
But lusts effect is tempest after sunne,
Loues gentle spring doth a waies fresh remaine,
Lusts winter comes, ere summer halfe be done;
Loue surfets not, lust like a glutton dies,
Loue is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say,
The text is old, the Orator too Greene,
Therefore in sadnes now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teene:
Mine cares that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burne themselves for hauing so offend.

With

VENVS AND ADONIS.

VWith this he breaketh from the sweete embrace,
Of those faire arms which bound him to her brest,
And homeward through the dark lawnes runs a-
Leaves loue vpon hir back deeply distrest: (pace,
Looke how a bright starre shooteth from the skie,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eie.

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Til the wild waues will haue him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting cloudes contend:
So did the mercilesse and pitchy night,
Fold in the obiekt that did feede her sight.

VWhereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a precious iewell in the flood,
Or stonisht, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood;
Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,
Hauing lost the faire discoverie of her way.

And now she beates her heart, whereat it grones,
That all the neighbour caues as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her mones,
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled,
Ay mee shee cries, and twentie times woe, wo,
And twentie ecchoes, twentie times erie so.

C iiii.

Shee

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She Marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemptrally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes yong men thrall, & old men dote,
How loue is wise in folly, foolish wittie:

Her beaue anthem still concludes in wo,
And still the quier of ecchoes answere so,

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though seeming short,
If please themselves, others they thinke delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:

Their copious stories oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle soundes resembling parasites,
Like shrild tongu'd Tapsters answering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantastique wits,
She said, tis so, they answere all tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe here the gentle Larke wearie of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, frō whose siluer breast
The sunne ariseth in his maiestie,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Cedar tops and hills seeme burnisht gold.

Venus

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
Frō whom each lamp & shining star doth borrow
The beautilous influence that makes him bright,
Their liues a son that suckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a mirtle groue,
Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
And yet she heares no ridings of her loue;
She hearkens for hounds, and for his horne,
Anon she heares them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the crie.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
Some twinde about her thigh to make her stay,
Shee wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feede her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she heares the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
Wreath'd vp in fatall foldes iust in his way,
The feare wherof doth make him shake & shudder,
Euen so the timerous yelping of the houndes,
Appales her sences, and her spirit confounds.

For

VENUS AND ADONIS.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lion proude,
Because the crie remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloud,
Finding their enemy to be so curst, (first,
They all straine curt'ne who shall cope him

This dismall crie rings sadly in her eare,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who overcome by doubt and bloudlesse feare,
With cold-pale weaknes numbs each feeling part,
Like souldiers when their captain once doth
They basely fly, & dare not stay the field. (yeeld,

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses sore dismaide,
She tels them tis a causelesse phantasie,
And childish error that they are afraide: (more,
Bids them leaue quaking, bids them feare no
And with that word she spide the hunted boare.

whose frothie mouth be painted all with red,
Like milk and bloud being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinewes spread,
Which madly hurries her, she knowes not whither:
This way she runs, and nowe she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boare for murder.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand waies,
She treads the path that she vntreads againe,
Her more then hast, is mated with delaies,
Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the wearie carter for his maister,
And there another licking of his wound,
Gainst venim'd sores, the only soueraigne plaister:
And here she meets another sadly scouling,
To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,
Another flapmouthd mourner blacke and grim
Against the welkin, volies out his voice,
Another, and another answere him,
Clapping their proude tailes to the ground below,
Shaking their scratcht-ears, bleeding as they
(goe.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
Wheron with fearefull eies they long haue gazed,
Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies;
So she at these sad signes drawes vp her breath,
And sighing it againe, exclames on death,

Hard

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard fauoured tyrant, ougly meagre leane,
(Hatefull diuorce of loue X thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earths worm what dost thou
To stifle beautie, & to steale his breath? (meane?
Who when heliu'd, his breath and beautie set
Glosse on the rose; smell to the violet.

If he be dead, o no, it cannot be:
Secing his beautie thou shouldst strike at it,
O yes, it may, thou hast no eies to see,
But hatefully at randon dost thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy false dart
Mistakes that aime, and cleaues an infants harr,

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckst a flower;
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.

(weeping?)
Dost thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'st such
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternall sleeping,
Those eies that taught all other eies to see?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour:

Her

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Here overcome, as one full of dispaire,
She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluices stop
The christall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
In the sweete channel of her bolome dropt,
But through the flud-gates breaks y^e siluer raine,
And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eyes and teares, did lend and borrow,
Her eye leene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both cristals, where they viewd each others sorow:
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to drie,
But like a stormie day, now wind now raine,
Sighs drie hir cheeks, teares make the wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
As striving who should best become her griefe,
All entertaine, each passions labour so,
That euerie present sorrow seemeth chiefe,
But none is best, then ioyne they altogether,
Like many cloudes consulting for foule weather.

By this far off, she heares some huntsmans hollow,
A nurses song nere please her babe so well,
The drie imagination she did follow,
This sound of hope doth labor to expell:
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
And flattens her, it is Adonis voyce.

Whereat

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prised in her eie like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometimes falles an orient drop beside,
Which her cheeke melts, as scorning it shuld passe,
To wash the foule face of the fluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue, how strange it seemes!
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous,
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extreames;
Despaire and hope makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikelie,
The likely thoughts the other kils thee quicklie.

Now she enweaues the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not too blame:
It was not she that cald him all to nought,
Now she ads honors to his hatefull name.
She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperious supream of al mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweete death, I did but iest,
Yet pardon mee, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the boareth at bloudy beast,
Which knowes no pittie, but is still sciere:
Then gentle shadow (truth I must confesse)
I raild on thee, fearing thy loues decesse.

Tis

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Tis not my fault, the boare prouokt my wrong,
Bewreakt on him (inuisible commander)
Tis he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
And that his beaurie may the better thrine,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tels him of trophies, statües, tombes & stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue* quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and silly mind,
To waile his death who liues and must not die,
Till mutuall overthrow of mortall kinde?
For he being dead, with him is beaurie slaine,
And beaurie dead, blacke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of scare,
As one with treasure laden, hemd with theenes,
Trifles vnwitnessed with eie, or eare,
Thy coward heart with false berhinking greues:
Euen at this word she heares a merrie horne,
Whereat she leapes, that was but late forlorne.

As

VENUS AND ADONIS.

As faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
The grasse stoopes not, she treads on it so light,
And in her hast vntunately spies
The foule boares conquest on her faire delight,
Which seen, her eies as murdered with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly caue with paine,
And there all smothered vp in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloody view her eies are fled,
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine,
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And neuer wound the heart with looks againe,
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributarie subiect quakes,
As when the wind imprisond in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth mē's minds cōfound.
This mutinie each part doth so surpise,
That frō their dark beds once more leape her eies,
And

VENUS AND ADONIS.

And being opend, threw vnwilling might
Vpon the wide wound that the boare had drencht
In his soft flanke, whose woonted lillie white,
With purple teares y his wound wept had drencht:
No floure was nigh, no grasse, herb, leafe or weed,
But stole his bloud, and seemd with him to bleed.

This solemne sympathy, poore *Venus* noteth,
Ouer one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she dotheth,
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopt, her ioints forget to bow,
Her eies are mad, that they haue wept til now.

Vpon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazling makes y wound seem three,
And then she reprehends her mangling eie, (be
That makes more gashes, where no breach should
His face seems twain, each seueral him is doubled,
For oft the eie mistakes, the brain being troubled

My tongue cannot expresse my griefe for one,
And yet (quoth she) behold two *Adons* dead,
My sighs are blowne away, my salt teares gone,
Mine eies are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead,
Heauy harts lead melt at mine eies as red as fire,
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

D

Alas

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Alas poore world what treasure hast thou lost,
What face remains alive that's worth y^e viewing?
Whose song is musicke now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh & trim,
But true sweete beautie liu'd and di'd in him,

Bonnet, nor yale, henceforth no creature weare,
Nor sunne nor wind will euer strue to kisse you,
Hauing no faire to loose, you neede not feare,
The sun doth scorn you, & the wind doth kisse you:
But when *Adonis* liu'd, sunne and sharp aire,
Lurkt like two theeuers, to rob him of his faire.

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Vnder whose brim the gaudy sunne would peepe,
The wind would blow it off, and being gone,
Play with his locks, then would *Adonis* weepe:
And straight in pittie of his tender yeares,
They both would strue who first should drie his
(teares,

To see his face the Lion walkt along,
Behind some hedge, because he would not feare
To recreate himselfe when he hath song: (him,
The Tiger would be tame, and gently heare him
If he had spoke, the wolfe would leaue his pray,
And neuer fright the fillie lambe that day.

When

VENUS AND ADONIS.

When he beheld the shadow in the brooke,
The fishes spread on it their golden gill,
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, & ripe red cherries,
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrrchin-snouted boare,
Whose downward eie still looketh for a graue:
Ne're saw the beaudous iuery that he wore,
Witnesse the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kisse him, & hath kild him so.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* flaine,
He ran vpon the boare with his sharpe speare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to perswade him there:
And nouling in his flanke, the louing swine
Sheath'd vnaware his ruske in his soft groine:

Had I beene tooht'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue kild him first,
But he is dead, and neuer did he blesse
My youth with his, the more I am accurst,
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And staines her face with his congealed bloud.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

She looks vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whisper's in his eare a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words she told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo two lamps burnt out, in darkness lies.

Two glasses where her selfe, her selfe beheld,
A thousand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
That you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophetic,
Sorrow in loue hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waied on with ialousie,
Find sweete beginning, but vnhappy end,
Nere sated equally, but hie or low,
That al loues pleasure shal not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottome poison, and the top ore-straw,
With sweets, that shal the sharpest sight beguile,
The strongest bodie shal it make most weake,
Strike the wise dumbe, & teach the foole to speak.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepitate to treade the measures,
The staring Russian shall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with trea-
It shall be raging mad, and fillie mild, (lures
Make the yong old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
It shall be mercifull, and too leueare,
And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust,
Peruerse it shall be, where it shews most toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward,

It shall be cause of war, and dire euents,
And set disension twix the sun and fire,
Subiect and seruile to all discontentes,
As drie combustious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
They that loue best, their loue shall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her side lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spild,
A purpul'd flower sprong vp checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes & the blond,
which in round drops vpō their whitenes stood.
Shee

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She bowes hir head, the new-sprung flowre to line!,
Comparing it to her Adonis-breath,
And saies within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is rest from her by death,
She crops the stalke, and in the breach appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to teares

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guile,
Sweet issue of a more sweet swelling fire,
For euerie little griefe to wet his eies,
To grow vnder himselfe was his desire,
And so tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right,
Low in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rocke thee day & night,
There shall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I will not kisse my sweet lours flower.

Thus wearie of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves, by whose swift aide,
Their mistris mounted through the empty skies,
In her light chariot quickly is conuaid,
Holding their course to Paphos where their queen
Meane to inturre her selfe, and not be scene.

FINIS.

